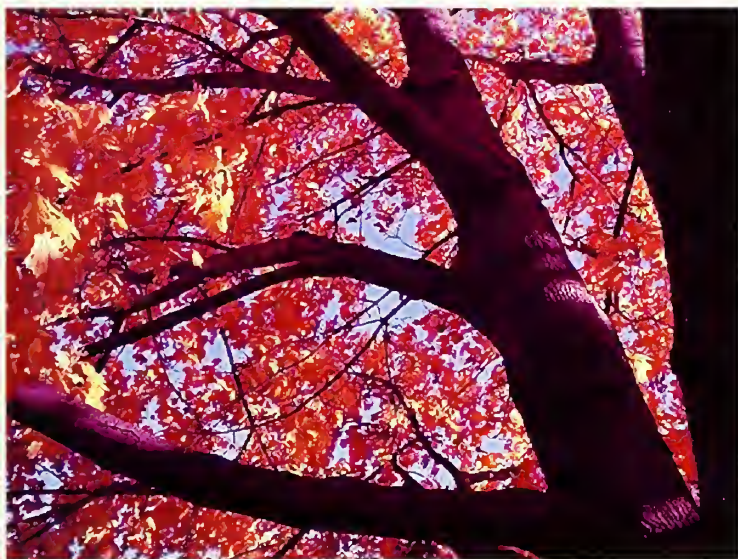


THE CHARLES VIEWER



**Fisher College
2004**

The Charles Viewer

Poetry, Prose and Art
from the Students of Fisher College, 2004

EDITORS

Ashleigh Bella
Catherine Mitchell
Edita Zlatic

FACULTY ADVISORS

John Martino
Lyena Sklavounos

The Charles Viewer is a student literary magazine designed to encourage interest in writing, art and photography by publishing the original works of Fisher College students.

With this issue, we express our appreciation for and delight in the written word. We are proud to continue the long and distinguished literary tradition of *The Charles Viewer*, a work that celebrates and inspires artistic creativity at Fisher College.

For their combined efforts in bringing this publication to life, we thank the following: Dr. Charles Perkins, President; Dr. Cynthia Patterson, Vice President for Academic Affairs; Dean Marjorie Roy, Associate Dean for Academic Affairs; faculty who encouraged students to submit their writing and art to the magazine; and the IS staff, for helping us set up our computer equipment.

Special thanks to Dr. Dean Walton, Program Director, Liberal Arts, and Professor Amy Beaudry, Honors Program Director.



"All fiction is a process of imagining: whatever you write, in whatever genre or medium, your task is to make things up convincingly and interestingly and new."

~Neil Gaiman

Table of Contents

Literary Art

“Napkin and a Notebook”	Anonymous	5
“Life”	Yoshinori Inagaki	6
“The Last Words”	Jamie Fergione	7
“Modern Day Goodman Brown Scenario”	Jess Wilson	8
“Addict”	Ashleigh Bella	12
“Healing”	Meisha O’Neal	14
“Listen to...”	Edita Zlatic	15
“We”	Euzcnando Azevedo	16
“Endship”	Natalie Taylor	17
“The Lighthouse”	Yoshinori Inagaki	18
“Crushing leaves my feet”	Tomomi Miyota	20
“The wind of fall”	Sachiko Hagiwara	20
“Life Struggle”	Yubelkis Ramos	21
“Solemn Young One”	Cassandra Munro	22
“Beautiful”	Lisa Moretti	23
“Face It”	Luis Cabral	24
“Sophie”	Marie Hopkins	25
“Surfacing”	Ashleigh Bella	26
“I Can’t Remember My Life”	Sokha Sing	28
“Typical Situation”	Catherine Mitchell	29
“Prisoner of My Thoughts”	Anonymous	30
“The open window”	Edita Zlatic	32
“Faith and Betrayal”	Yoshinori Inagaki	33

Visual Art

“The Four Seasons”	Tammy Greynolds	Cover Photo
“Observational Study”	Ashleigh Bella	13
“Eruption”	Ashleigh Bella	16
“Peace”	Chrissy Birong	31
“Welcome”	Chrissy Birong	31
“Sunset”	Edita Zlatic	Back Photo

Napkin and a Notebook

The sun and the smell of the morning mist awakened me.
Yesterday,
I had picked the perfect uniform—
The plaid blue skirt, Oxford shirt, knee-highs, polyester—
Which I was hoping he would notice.

He had a napkin and a blue notebook,
Which he only used for sketches
And letters.

In school,
The awkwardness of our relationship—
Friends, lovers, whatever—
Made us long for the spot,
And my heart would pump, and
Jump, and
Stampede through the crowd.

Afraid to make the wrong move,
He whispered in my ear—
His lips pressed against my ear
Together,
Heading towards the spot,
His precious napkin and blue notebook
Made us look like a cute couple and nothing else.

Nothing in the world had meaning for us,
Just being in that corner loving each other.

Life

Darkness, stillness, and silence

as if nothing were

alive.

Nil.

From

the horizon,

the divine energy

gradually penetrating

into the black with dignity,

though against the will of the black.

Every single grass turns towards energy.

From behind trees, some squirrels joyfully appear.

Trees are expanding their branches and twigs into the sky,

where several birds are flying lively and gracefully while twittering.

All living things in this world are animated by the energy and are full of hope.

The Last Words

I remember you telling me
These words the last time we talked.

“Do not get upset if I die out here.
This is what I signed up to do.
I knew what I was getting into.
And if I do die, it is for this country
And I will be proud.

I died for freedom.
And that is what I have done for you.

You will go on living if I shall never return.
And do not shed a tear
Because your friend fought for freedom
And it is what I hold dear.”

Now that you have died for freedom
I am left to wonder if your words were true.
Did you die proudly for freedom?
Because I know this is what was meant for
You to do.

You told me you do not mind dying for freedom
And I respect you for all that you do.

Thank you for being proud of this country,
Just as I am of you.

Modern Day Goodman Brown Scenario

“Do you think you'll be gone all night?” Sarah asked her fiancé, as she rustled through a cardboard box of glassware. She sat cross-legged on the white, tiled kitchen floor of their new apartment, her light brown hair knotted messily in a loose bun, and falling into her deep blue eyes. There was no response. She paused and looked up at him, a tall, built young man with a tan complexion.

He finished swallowing a mouthful of Chinese food and nodding his head, he replied, “Yeah, you know Adam, he'll want to bar hop this city until the sun comes up.”

“Oh,” she raised her eyebrows and sighed. “Well I guess I'll be bathing alone then.”

He froze and stared at her for a moment. She glanced to see his reaction. Immediately he sprung off the kitchen counter and pounced on her, and they wrestled until she had him pinned. Out of breath, he lay staring up at her lively young face and thought to himself, “God I love this woman...and after tonight their will be no more worries about the future. I'm going to give her the best of everything; she deserves the best.”

Ryan Applegate was any mother's dream child. He was athletic all through high school, maintained high grades and graduated from a respectable university on the East Coast. He was polite and respectful to everyone with the exception of his father, who cheated on his mother during Ryan's first year of college. Ryan's old roommate and close friend Adam kept him sane through the ordeal by introducing him to the party life. An occasional user of pot, coke and LSD, Ryan was also persuaded to push every now and again once his mother fell ill with leukemia. During the spring semester of his senior year he met Sarah and swore from that time on he wouldn't use or sell again. She was his angel, sent down from heaven to show him hope, he believed, and he refused to let anything ruin their love.

Two days before the night he left Sarah unpacking alone in their apartment, Adam called in desperate need of a helping hand and a proposition that Ryan couldn't resist. Ryan left her behind with uneasiness in his heart that he ignored confidently on the surface. He kissed her hard, and promised her he'd make up for lost time the next night. He took quick but heavy strides over to the old shelter where he was destined to meet Adam. He glanced at his watch only to find that he was unable to make out the hands through the thick darkness of the night.

“One last deal,” sounded a familiar voice from behind the shadows of the building, “I know you got priorities now, your girl and all.”

They slapped hands. “You ready?” Ryan inquired as the weight on his heart increased.

“Let's roll,” Adam smiled and they began to walk, “48 Clinton Alley, behind the second green dumpster...Marlon's place.”

Ryan closed his eyes for a split second and tried to hide his lack of desire to go through with this. Adam had always been there for him and had gotten him out of numerous jams, some of which he would not have come out alive otherwise. This was the only favor Adam had ever requested of him and there was no way Ryan could let him down. The thought of Sarah ever finding out though made his blood turn cold and his stomach curdle, and the fact that he had to hide this from her was almost worse. He kept silent the whole walk there, reminding himself of Adam's words, 'One last deal'.

As they turned onto Clinton Alley, the crisp night air seemed to become heavy, as if it held thick, invisible particles that forced weight against the two young men approaching their destiny. Ryan tried to brush off this warning because he always had gotten an eerie feeling in this slummy, hidden alleyway that Adam had insisted gave them the best business. Marlon's place was especially sketchy...it was a little hole in the wall dive that was more of a crack house than a bar, and Marlon, the owner of the bar, was more of a death threat than a customer. Whenever they did business with him, they knew it'd be an all-nighter because what he says goes, and he always insists they stay and try their poison first.

“He's always afraid people are out to get him,” Adam said under his breath before reaching the entrance. Evidently he had been talking for awhile but Ryan hadn't heard a word he said. The only thing on his mind was Sarah, and he was coming closer and closer to the realization that he had made a mistake in coming to this place.

They walked in through the cloud of smoke and blaring heavy metal music, past the regular prostitutes and junkies, making their way at a calm and steady pace to the back of the barroom. Entering into a smaller and quieter room, they approached Marlon who sat heavily and fat, with his arms and legs sprawled out over an old, round, leather booth.

“There's ma boys,” he said gruffly, “Been avoidin' my neck of the woods for awhile, eh? It's not polite to lose contact with a good customer, ya know.”

“Wasn't intentional Marlon, we've cut ties with a lot of people, but we're here with you now, ain't we?” Adam replied without looking at him, and took

seat as he reached into his coat pocket. Adam laid out three bags, two of coke and the other one of a powdered form of LSD. He pushed them over to Marlon, implying for him to take a lick of coke.

The big man sampled the substances in the first two bags and pushed the other back toward Adam, "You know you're not leaving until you both try it."

Had it been anyone else, Adam would have told them off and then forced them to hand over the money, but Marlon had a reputation. The kind of reputation that any person who lived outside the slums would presume to be behind bars by now or at least be on the run instead of sitting so comfortably and sure of himself within the walls of his own acclaimed bar.

"Get comfortable," Marlon said staring into Ryan, who up until then, had been standing behind Adam's chair.

Ryan sat hesitantly next to Adam who pulled two lifesavers out of his pocket, licked them and rolled them in the powder. They each took one and leaned back in their chairs waiting for it to kick in. In the meantime, Marlon spoke huskily of neighborhood gossip; who's been busted, who's dead and who sold out. Ryan tuned this out as he fell deeper and deeper into a hallucinated state of mind.

Before long both young men were laughing hysterically and the hours passed like minutes. Ryan lay on the floor and watched the ceiling spin in a dream-like fashion and entered another room that he was unfamiliar with, one that he didn't even know existed. There was a crowd of familiar faces, mostly junkies that he had dealt to in college and a few girls that he had dated, all dressed in outfits that he had only seen Sarah wear on special occasions. No one seemed to notice him; in fact the only one who even made eye contact was...Sarah! She looked over at him smiling, with the same smile she wore every time she had pinned him in a wrestling match. She held a rolled up dollar bill in her hand and without breaking eye contact, leaned over a table that stood between them and took a long, hard sniff of a white line that had been placed in front of her.

"Sarah!" he tried to scorn her, but he was voiceless, "What are you thinking? WHERE are you clothes?" But the words couldn't come out. She continued to smile and walked away through the room in transparent lingerie, the kind that she was too modest to have ever worn when it was even just the two of them. He went to follow her but she disappeared within a crowd. He tore through the people with anger and despair in search of his loved one. All he began to feel was his heart sinking and his mind going mad with questions. As he pushed through the last people within the crowd he stood frozen at the sight he saw. There was Sarah, the love of his life, his angel of

hope, making love to his most despised acquaintance, Marlon. Both of them stared at him and laughed, and it echoed throughout his body.

"We gotta go dude, you can't seriously still be tripping right now," Adam shook Ryan hard, "Lets go man, I hate this place."

Ryan sat up slowly, "Sarah..." was all he could utter underneath his breath. He could still hear her laughter so clearly; he saw the spite in her eyes. She wasn't anymore an angel than he was himself. Her heart wasn't pure on the inside like he had previously presumed. Through his entire stumble home, his guilt turned into bitterness, and he redeemed his actions as a vengeance toward the darkness in his beloved woman's heart.

Sarah greeted Ryan with breakfast in a cleaned, organized kitchen that she decorated herself during his absence. "Well? What do you think?" she inquired proudly. He shrugged and mumbled something about needing to get some rest.

From that day forward Sarah and Ryan didn't wrestle anymore. Sarah tried to lighten him every now and again but she was so obviously shutdown that her efforts ceased and she lost sight of the love they used to share so playfully. Ryan became very possessive of Sarah, but was uninterested in the depths of her soul as he was assured his vision was accurate of her true nature. She sought out counselors and therapists to prescribe her something for her flaws and a broken heart, and he took a liking to business where he rarely had to interact with anyone on a true, personal level. And this was the life they lived until she died of a hemorrhage deep within her soul.

Addict

With a special dedication to my Mother

My past
Reminds me of the broken mirror
Which I used to confide in

White bags
Inhaled
Through the nose of an addict

Wasted presence
Fake smiles
Phony friendships
Which made me popular

Never sleeping
Because my mind doesn't stop
But never wanting to stop my mind

Drops of blood
On snow
White porcelain
A bold contrast
Trailing from my mutilated flesh

Worth
In each penny
Desperate
Surrendering
To an addict's craving

Pawn shops
Here and there
Selling my life
Piece by piece
Parts of me
I don't want

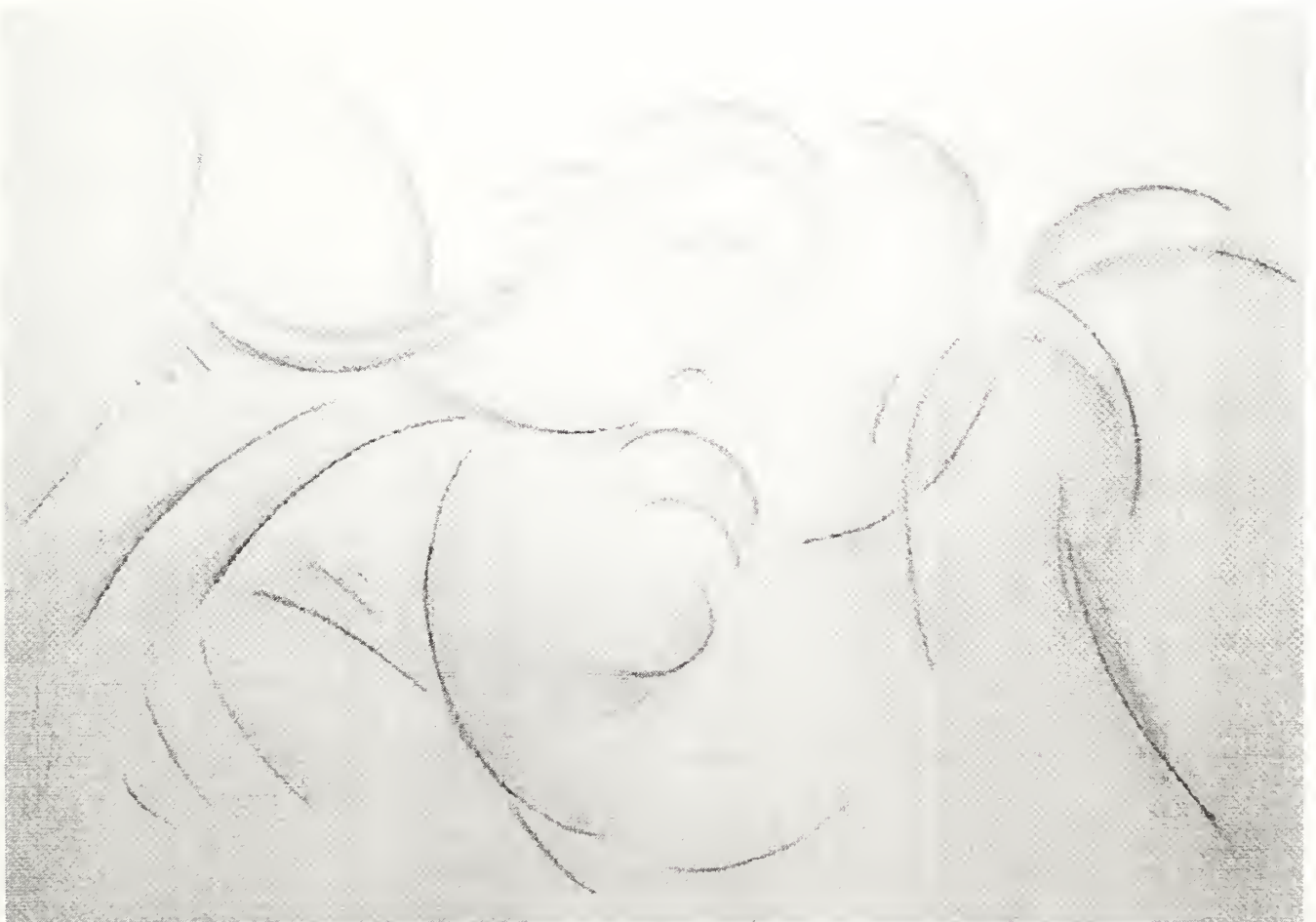
Addicted
To a fake world
I made mine

Unrecognizable
Unknown
Trying to find myself
In shattered mirror pieces

Salvation
Far after I gave up

Beginning
The best gift you ever gave me

"Out of difficulties grow miracles"—Jean de la Bruyerea



Healing

When an emotional injury takes place
The body will begin a process
As natural as the healing
Of a physical wound
Let the process begin
Trust that nature
Will do the healing
Know that the pain will pass
And when it passes
You will become stronger
Happier more sensitive and aware
You'll never lose by loving
You'll always lose by holding back
It's alright letting yourself go
But as long as you can
Get yourself back

Listen to...

Listen to the rain
Listen to the train
Listen to the wind
Listen to the heartbeat
Listen to the women weep

You can't stop the rain
You can't stop the train
You can't stop the wind
You can't stop the heartbeat
You can't stop the women weep

You don't want to stop the rain
You don't want to stop the train
You don't want to stop the wind
You don't want to stop the heartbeat
But you **SHOULD** stop the women weeping
How?
Erase her husband's beating!

We

Everybody abuses apologies and excuses
Everybody hides behind white lies
Everybody cries over silver dimes
Everybody stares with the critical eye
Everybody jabs somebody's bruises

Everybody mourns choices poorly made
Everybody lusts after the mundane
Everybody rides in the fast lane
Everybody plays life's little game
Everybody confesses under the blade

Everybody is what nobody will ever be
Though nobody ever will see
That everybody is what everybody is



Endship

I remember when we vowed to be
friends always and forever.
And I hope to break my heart
was not your only true endeavor.
You used to call me every night
before you went to bed,
But now each night your fingers
dial her number instead.
Will she look at you and love you
for the person that you are?
Can she give you everything you need
and be your shooting star?
Will she stick around and be with you
through all good times and bad?
Can she cheer you up and make you laugh
each time that you feel sad?
I hope she's everything I am
and twice as good a friend.
And I pray she's worth our friendship
that has now come to an end.

The Lighthouse

The sky is covered with thick, dark clouds, and the light of the sun hardly reaches Nemuro village in the Nemuro peninsula in Hokkaido, the northernmost island of Japan. On the hill is the wooden lighthouse, which was built almost 100 years ago. There are two big ships and two small boats around a long dock, though the dock can afford more ships. It seems that fishermen have already finished today's tasks. Salty, fishy smells from the ocean fill the air.

On the track leading from the village to the lighthouse, a boy is painting the lighthouse in oils. He is thin, but some clothes inside his blue jacket swell his body. More than three weeks have passed since he started to paint. Every day, he sees one elderly man in a brown jacket taking a walk on the track in the afternoon. Although he looks more than sixty years old, his back is straightened up.

The elderly man approaches the boy for the first time and says while standing behind the boy, "What you're painting is the way you feel about this boring place." The boy hesitantly replies, "Kind of."

"I'm Tetsuji Sato. Where are you from?" says asked the elderly man.

"I'm Akira Kitano from Tokyo," answers the boy.

The elderly man curiously asks, "What brought you to this isolated village?" The boy says, "Well, I read the article 'The Young Left, The Elderly Remain' with the picture of this lighthouse. I don't remember when I read it, but the image of the lighthouse has stuck with me."

After the elderly man looks at the lighthouse for a while, his eyes move toward the ocean. And then, he ponders, "I was a fisherman until a few years ago, and my father was also a fisherman." He takes a deep breath and regrettably continues, "I have one son, but after he went to Tokyo to enroll in Tokyo University, he never came back.... Our ship's gone."

While listening to the elderly man, the boy is silently painting, suddenly, the boy's cell phone rings. He opens the cell phone and briefly talks to his girlfriend, looking at the small screen where her face appears.

As soon as the boy turns it off, the elderly man starts to talk about his wife Sayuri. She began to learn how to use a computer, and now she is using the Internet to email their son. The elderly man murmurs, "I don't even know how to turn on the computer."

The boy says nothing; instead, he is focusing on his oil painting. He is about to finish it. After he carefully looks at the lighthouse, whose light appears warm and desperate, he makes the yellow brighter than what it really is. The elderly man says, "I love your lighthouse. Thank you very much, Akira," while softly

putting his right hand onto the boy's left shoulder. The boy feels warmth from the palm of the elderly man and delightedly says, "You are welcome, Mr. Sato." When the boy finishes his painting, the elderly man says, "It's time for me to go home. It's very nice to talk with you, Akira."

"Nice talking to you, too. See you someday, Mr. Sato," says the boy.

After taking several steps toward the village, the elderly man slowly turns back to the boy and says, "Do you know a beige house with dark red roof tiles next to the grocery store Akindo? That is my house." The boy smilingly replies, "Thank you, Mr. Sato. See you soon."

While the elderly man is descending to the village, a chill wind from Siberia blows by the boy. The severe winter is coming soon to the Nemuro peninsula.

Crushing leaves my feet
touch life, color, change,
I wander in dreams.

あきのかせ"
ふいて きがつく
ていごころ

The wind of fall
When it blows, I notice
My love

Life Struggle

Sometimes you live to love
Not measuring consequences
Not worrying about what tomorrow
Might bring

It's sad when you don't love to live
Measuring every step
And wondering if tomorrow may come

Solemn young one
Whose childlike world has been stolen
Cries alone
Inside her head
No one can hear

She crawls out of the cold, empty bed
Leaving behind dreams and illusions
Alone to the bathroom she drags
A tattered blanket by her side
The tiles are cold beneath her feet

Fumbles for the light
Finds her way across the floor
And opens a glass door to a small shower
Crawls inside and turns on the water
Slowly lowering herself to the plastic floor

Curling up and covering herself
With her blanket all tattered and soaked
Isolated in the shower

Water washing away painful thoughts
Drowning dreams
Washing them down the drain
No tears left to cry
But to feel the droplets on her face
She feels once more alive

Peacefully she rests
In the bottom of the shower

A flicker of light
The water shut off
A stifled cry
Gone

Beautiful

Society molds your every thought and action
Leaving no room for originality or opinion
Physical beauty becomes the main attraction
When in fact it should have no dominion
Concerning substance, our culture is lacking
Rather frivolously enchanted by the media's wand
Not the epitome of air brushed beauty?
You're slacking
I guess it's too bad I'm not blonde

Face It

We are the mirror as well as the face in it
We are the picture as well as the image in it
We are the love that never sleeps, or even rests
Or stays for very long with those who do not appreciate
We are the language of love that cannot be said, communicated
or translated but it can be whispered.

Sophie

Sophie sits on her mother's lap.
Sophie's mother smiles and says "mama."
Sophie just laughs.

Sophie thinks her mother is funny.
Sophie's mother smiles and says, "mama" again.

But Sophie just laughs.

"mama" is funny
Sophie's mother smiles, she looks at Sophie, and very softly...
"mama," says her mother.

First Sophie laughs.
Then Sophie says "mama."

But I do not laugh.

When Sophie says "mama,"
Her Mama says,
"I love you."

Surfacing

Elements of foreshadowing,
A cold January day,
Gusts of wind,
Highlighted by the chill in the air.

High spirits
Pulled down
By the weight of the world,
Hanging by a fragile thread.

Choices,
No longer willing to face another day,
Desperate
For a change of plans.

A child
Standing over the foot of insecurity
Frightened and confused,
Deciding whether to take a plunge.

A Guardian angel?
No, I'm still alive.

Notes, love letters,
Scribbled carelessly,
Underneath an empty bottle of pills.

Unmistakable evidence.

Sirens, questions, tears,
Irrefutable blame,
Coming from who you thought cared.

A dimly lit room
Where a constant beep
Monitors an almost forgotten life.

Hope,
Present by the charcoal that surrounds her lips.

A pushed back soul,
Denied,
Almost forgets to see tomorrow.

My mother...

I Can't Remember My Life

I can't remember my life
before you walked in
Don't remember what it was like:
Was I good or did I sin?
I can't remember what I would do
on my Saturday nights
Can't remember who I'd hang out with
and with whom I'd reach new heights.

Who did I talk to
about all the things on my mind?
How did I get so lucky
that you were so easy to find?
Who gave me this wonderful gift
to keep wrapped up forever
I want to thank them with all my heart
whether it be god or whoever
I can't remember my words
or how they used to sound
I can't remember my thoughts
or what would send me laughing to the ground
I can't remember my dreams
or whom I'd used to tell
I can't remember my life
whether it was heaven or hell.

I am spoiled by your laughter
and I am spoiled by our bond
I am spoiled by your eyes
of which I am very fond!
And when you leave me to go on
I don't know what I'll do
All I can say right now is that:
I can't remember my life without you.

Typical Situation

“Well, you have a good night,” she says in a voice heavy with sarcasm, using a rueful smile to mask the regret threatening to spill from her eyes.

“You too...” he replies hesitantly, uncertain if he should say something else. He can see the unhappiness written in every line of her body, but too bewildered by the strength of her emotions, he finds himself losing the desperate battle to find the right words with which to console her. She cuts off his thoughts with a dismissive wave of her hand, rendering anything he can possibly say as automatically irrelevant. Stammering a goodbye of some sort, he exits her room as quickly as his feet can carry him.

She flops onto her bed with a sigh, eyes brimming with angry tears. *I am such a moron.* Shaking her head as though to clear her thoughts, she abruptly leaps from the bed to survey the contents of her closet. Ignoring the tears trickling down her cheeks, she grabs the nearest tee shirt and shorts. Donning her favorite pair of sneakers, she then jogs down the stairs and out of her dorm, heading towards the nearby track. The wind dries her tears along the way, and she rubs at her face where the salt has left itchy trails.

She purges her mind of all thoughts and all emotions. Once at the track, she gives herself completely to the run, pushing herself farther and farther. Her entire being is consumed as she concentrates solely upon each breath of air, each heartbeat, each footprint pounding into the earth. If she runs hard enough, fast enough, far enough maybe then the pain and anger will dissipate. Maybe then she will stop feeling so cheated and ill-used.

Breathe in – two steps. Breathe out – two steps. This becomes her mantra. The simple rhythm sets in, and she is comforted by the familiarity of it. Cold air bites at her throat as her pace quickens. She begins to sprint, to run faster and faster until the emotions explode and she has to bite her tongue to keep from crying out in frustration against the beautiful, bittersweet irony of it all.

Breathe in – *he sucks*. Breathe out – *he sucks*. *He sucks. He sucks. He sucks.* She is now running so swiftly that the words blur inside her mind, and the beads of sweat pouring down her face slowly replace the tracks left behind by her salty tears. She streaks out of the track, running and running and running. The scene around her dims, and she is no longer aware of anything but the wind rushing past her ears and the frantic beating of her heart. *My foolish heart.* A sudden burst of speed accompanies this thought and she sprints with an almost desperation through the doors to her dorm and into the confines of her room. Doubling over she pants, sweat dripping down the sides of her face. *Why gasp does gasp this gasp always gasp happen gasp to gasp me?*

Prisoner of My Thoughts

Present turned too fast into memories
Memories into dreams
Too gone to be present
Yet not enough to be gone
Beautiful dreams, beautiful days
Now nightmares
A part of me is searching
A part of me is running
Away from what? away from whom?
Do I really want to catch you?
Or let you run faster than me?
Feelings like you are a stranger
You are now a stranger
Someone I knew, someone I don't know now
Running away from something I want
Some days that I don't want
Should I simply let go?
Running faster than me,
I am out of breath
I thought I found something
I think I lost it now
Losing it before you knew you found it
Finding it, not knowing that you were going to lose it
Can you go back to memories?
Just for a day
S'il te plais...



The open window

Open opportunities
Freedom
Life on your own
Without war
Without thorn
Without control
Without possession
Without dictation
Without tyranny

Breathe in the fresh air
Without poisonous gases
Without smell of blood
Without bomb detonations
Without dying weeping
Without water buckets leaking

Forgive
But do not forget
Burning houses
Anxious faces
Bloody hands
And grenades

Move on start living
Life on your own

Faith and Betrayal

This is a story about two small creatures in the woods,
where there was a glass cage in the deep inside.

A female parakeet retreated to the cage,
because she was hurt by the loss of her family.

Outside the cage, a male parakeet noticed the female.
He was attracted to her beautiful, colorful feathers.
When he approached her to talk, he realized that
transparent glass blocked him from being with her.

She also wanted to be close to, talk to, and know him.
But, she knew that as long as he was outside the cage,
they had no way to be together despite their desire.
Thus, she desperately cried and cried before him.

When seeing her cry, he could no longer leave her alone,
because she was being confined without freedom.
Also, he knew that she did not have enough courage
to leave the cage for the real world by herself.

She ascended lively to tell him of a small hole in the cage.
When he entered it, he suddenly felt light,
because there was much less gravity than the outside.
They could fly freely together within the glass.

They could talk cheerfully and spend time intimately.
This was the happiest time they'd ever had in life.
She tried to forget the tragedy in the past, and
her faith in him had grown up slowly but firmly.

No one knew the reason why he was with her.
The longer he was with her, the more he was desolate.
His mind was awkwardly between her and his family,
because he did not know what love really was.

When he had come to the glass cage, he was so determined to save and take her out of the cage. Nonetheless, he could not stand the confinement and isolation from the real world any longer.

He could not say any words to her about his leave without her, because that would profoundly betray her. What he left her was the first and last rain in the cage, but it only caused her a great deal of anger.

Outside he was alone even with his family and blamed himself for his weakness and ignorance. Inside she had never turned around toward him or flapped her wings that had been soaked yet.

Editors' Notes

Ashleigh E. Bella

As a freshman at Fisher College, I enjoy writing, painting, surfing, and anything else that allows for the free expression of creative thought. My own experiences stimulate my work, and in a lot of ways, my work stimulates my experiences! Being an editor of *The Charles Viewer* has most definitely strengthened my appreciation of the pen, and what a writer chooses to make of it.

Catherine Mitchell

A self-proclaimed nerd, I continually immerse myself in all activities that combine my love for words with my inner dork. I'm a bibliophile in the worst sense of the word, often reading two or three novels a week. Sometimes, when I'm feeling ambitious, I even manage to channel my own creativity onto paper. Maybe one day I'll write decently enough to compete with the genius of some of my favorite authors (Neil Gaiman is, in fact, the man), but if I never quite reach that level of brilliance, I can always give up writing entirely and become a monkey trainer. Or not.

Edita Zlatic

One of the main reasons that I became interested in editing for *The Charles Viewer* (besides the fact that Katy and Ashleigh dragged me into it) is that I wanted to read what our generation has to say about the world in which we live. It was my pleasure to read about your experiences, views on life and messages you wanted to convey, and so I decided to share some of mine, too. In addition, I would like to encourage everybody else in the future to get involved and express himself or herself in one way or another. Toni Cade Bambara once said, "Art is Politics," – each of us should take advantage of it!

